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# Northern Messenger

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## Finland and Its People.

('Cottager and Artisan.')

The 'Land of a Thousand Lakes,' as Finland is poetically called by her loving sons, possesses charms of scenery second only in the north of Europe to those of Norway. The country is rather larger than England, Scotland, and Ireland together, but the inhabitants do not number more than three millions.

The interior is hilly, and, as its poetic name implies, contains a vast number of lakes and streams. Fertile plains are met with here and there, but, inland, the poor stony patches of soil afford but a scanty living to the peasantry, who form by far the greater part of the population.

Along the coasts the people are more thriving, for the sea gives them very profitable occupation.

The newspapers for the past year or two have contained a good deal about Finland, and it may be interesting to see what some of the trouble has been about.

Though Finland now belongs to Russia, it did not always do so. Up to the year 1809 it was subject to Sweden, but in that year the latter country ceded her rights over the country to Russia.

The Finns were not, however, transferred from one Power to the other without a word on their own account. Alexander I. of Russia had to arrange separately with the Finnish Diet (Parliament) before the Estates swore allegiance to him as Grand Duke of Finland.

The Finns would not consent to become a mere part of Russia. Though in Russia the Czar rules as an absolute monarch, he does not do so in Finland.

When under the rule of Sweden, the Finns had a Diet composed of four Estates (nobles, clergy, burgesses, and peasantry), and the maintenance of this constitution, together with the Lutheran religion and all other rights and privileges, was solemnly assured in a Charter of Rights.

Thus the Finns have managed their own home affairs, paying nothing until quite recently to the Imperial exchequer; have used a distinct coinage which made them independent of the changing values of Russian money; and have had a much better system of taxation of imports and exports, calculated to promote trade instead of hindering it.

Timber, tar, and dairy produce are the principal exports, and they are carried chiefly by the national merchant navy, which gives employment to more than twelve thousand men.

In regard to religion and education, the Finns have reason to be proud when comparing themselves with their Russian neighbors. There is scarcely a man or woman in that well-ordered country who cannot read the Bible.

An excellent system of education is zealously carried out under the superintendence of the Lutheran clergy, who do not admit to the Communion any person who cannot read and write.

Altogether, Finland is one of the most flourishing parts of the Russian dominions, and it is easy to understand the indignation aroused by the deliberate attempt to bring its people under the iron heel of the Russian nobles, who are responsible for so much of the disgrace and misery of their own nation.

This indignation at last led to the murder of the Russian governor, Bobrikoff, who had been sent to rule in defiance of the wishes of the people.

Had the Finns been justly governed, with due regard to their rights, they would have been a source of strength to the Russian Empire, and a model for other portions of it. An unjust rule has, however, turned them into more or less open enemies.

In fact, the whole of Russia's dealings with the country during the past few years show very vividly the folly of neglecting the advice of Him who spake as never man spake:—

'Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.'

OUTSIDE THE CHURCH—A SCENE IN FINLAND.

## What's the Use?

What's the use of blaming others for the fault
that is your own—
What's the use?
What's the use of shifting burdens you should
carry all alone —
What's the use?

Will it make your burden lighter
If the world refuses to
Weep about the home-made troubles
That have made their home with you?
What's the use?

—Denver 'Times.'

## Dare to do Right.

(L. Gebhard, in the 'American Messenger.')

The courage of battle, the bravery of saving a life against fire or flood or storm, the power to breast danger unfalteringly,—we all are familiar with courage of this sort. We give it respect and admiration. We call the actors in such scenes heroes. Yet the daily walk of a boy among the familiar duties of his every-day life often calls for courage as great, determination as strong and an aim as unswerving.

It is largely through cowardice that we sin. The fear of a laugh of derision, the fear of defeat, the fear of criticism, of loss of place, of money or honor, causes more wrong-doing than anything else. And these misdeeds are not the deeds of the base or the cruel or the low-lived, but of boys of conscience and keen susceptibilities, boys with an instinct toward right-doing, with good training behind them, and good intentions in their hearts.

The boy who is leader in a game of stumps is full of daring; the most dangerous heights, the most hairbreadth risks are not too great for him to take if he can in this way make himself a leader worthy the name of his followers. The opportunities are as great in simple right-doing. The stumps lie all along each day's path. The boy who meets them squarely and unflinchingly is sure to lead a little army of followers after him. He is like a magnet to his fellows, drawing out the best of the other boy's mettle to match his own.

'Are you going swimming?' asked his companions of a boy in camp one Sunday afternoon. The boy looked down, while with the toe of his shoe he made a figure in the sand, and the others awaited his answer. At last it came: 'No, it wouldn't be any use to ask my father if I could go swimming on Sunday. He would be sure to say "No."'

Yet the father was not there, and the boy had dared to do right. It was the case of the magnet—the other boys did not go either.

Sometimes the temptation is to cheat at lessons just as little to be sure to keep the marks high, or to take something that does not belong to the boy, only a small thing that hardly counts. It is just such things that call for courage. Companions often call slips from truth and honesty matters of no account, and the boy a prude or prig who hesitates. Dare to do right in the very foundations of truth and honesty, and no larger sin in these ways will ever tempt you.

Dare to turn your back on impure conversation, dare to be called a 'digger' if the work you are doing is worth doing. Dare to be 'tied to your mother's apron strings' if that means loyalty and tenderness and deference to all woman-kind, your mother first of all. Dare to be reverent at all times and in all places. Bibles are God's word to you, and worthy of respectful treatment. God's house calls for a boy's reverent respect, God's name his reverent worship. Dare to give this, even though those around you forget time and place and the honor due, and you may be a leader in the best things.

The boy who dares to do right in each day's opportunities will meet the greater crises of life with the strength of a hero, a strength gathered in many small fights with the arch tempter. The battles of life grow with our years, but strength to meet them courageously is God given. Daring to do right in God's name is to have courage for whatever befalls, with the surety that the strength of the arm behind us is never failing. There is a song that was familiar to the boys of a generation ago:

Dare to do right! Dare to be true!
You have a work that no other can do;
Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well,
Angels will hasten the story to tell.

Dare to do right! Dare to be true!
Other men's failures can never save you,
Stand by your conscience, your honor, your
faith;
Stand like a hero, and battle till death.

There are men to-day who remember it as the battle cry of right-doing in their boyhood.

For the larger growth of manhood the words of Phillips Brooks bear a similar meaning—'There is no nobler sight anywhere than to behold a man quietly and resolutely put aside the lower things, that the higher may come in to him. To put aside everything that hinders the highest from coming to us, and then to call to us that highest, which—nay, who—is always waiting to come—this as the habit of a life is noble.'

## More Praise.

We do not praise God enough, either in the sanctuary or in our own homes. The apostle's injunction is: 'In everything give thanks!' Some have had a year of trials and bereavements; they need to be cheered up. Others are perplexed by mysterious providences; they need to be reminded that behind the clouds still reigns and shines the Infinite Love. If the year has brought to some full barns and large bank deposits, it is a good time to exhort to large consecration of 'tithes for God's storehouse.' Why should not every pulpit ring a loud peal of gratitude on one day in every year, and every sanctuary resound with a strong and full chorus of happy voices? Nor should any prosperous family sit down to a feast of fat turkeys unless they have made some poor man's house warm and his table to smoke with bounties.—Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.

## A Group of Mottoes.

Over the triple doorways of Milan Cathedral there are three inscriptions spanning the splendid arches. Over one is carved a beautiful wreath of roses, and underneath are the words—'All that which pleases is but for a moment.' Over another is sculptured a cross, and there are the words—'All that which troubles us is but for a moment.' But underneath the great central entrance to the main aisle is the inscription—'That only is important which is eternal.' If we realize always these three truths, we shall not let trifles trouble us, nor be interested so much in the passing pageants of the hour. We should live, as we do not now, for the permanent and the eternal.

## Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Nov. it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

## The Plodder's Petition.

Lord, let me not be too content
With life in trifling service spent—
Make me aspire!
When days with petty cares are filled,
Let me with fleeting thoughts be thrilled
Of something higher.

Help me to long for mental grace
To struggle with the commonplace
I daily find
May little deeds not bring to fruit
A crop of little thoughts to suit
A shrivelled mind.

I do not ask a place among
Great thinkers who have taught and sung,
And scorned to bend
Under the trifles of the hour—
I only would not lose the power
To comprehend.

—'Sunday-school Chronicle.'

## The Cost of a Mistake.

(Emma Churchman Hewitt, in 'Forward.')

Had the engineer employed by Napoleon the First been as accurate as he should have been, that sovereign might have added another remarkable undertaking to his career, and, proving successful, might have had his name handed down to posterity as one of its greatest benefactors.

Who can tell what effect might have been produced upon the fate of France, had Napoleon the First succeeded in his project of opening up the Suez Canal and thus joining the Mediterranean and the Red Sea as they are now connected? He entertained the idea of this gigantic project, but abandoned it upon the representation of his engineer, Lepère, that the Red Sea was nearly thirty feet higher than the Mediterranean. It is hard to understand how, even in 1798, such an error as this could have been made by an engineer who was trained to the business, but so it was, and Napoleon turned his mind to other things.

In 1841, this impression was corrected by British officers, and in 1849 a thorough investigation of the possibilities of the situation was instituted by Ferdinand de Lesseps.

The consent of the Khedive of Egypt and that of Turkey having been obtained, 'The Universal Company of the Maritime Suez Canal' was formed in 1856, half the capital being furnished by the Khedive, the other half by public subscription throughout Europe (mainly in France).

The work was begun on April 25, 1859, and the canal was opened for navigation on Nov. 16, 1869, having cost in the ten and a half years twenty millions pounds—about one billion dollars. The increase in the number of vessels taking advantage of this 'short cut' has been very great. In 1870, but 486 passed through; 1890, 3,389, from which the company realized an income of about twelve million dollars. We can very readily see, from these figures already furnished, what a colossal enterprise it has been, and what an enormous amount of thought and system has been necessary to carry it through.

And Napoleon lost the opportunity of being the projector of this scheme through the mistake made by Lepère in his measurement.

## Pictorial Testament Premium

A very handsome Pictorial New Testament, just published, with chromographs and engravings from special drawings made in Bible lands by special artists, J. C. Clark and the late H. A. Harper. The book is neatly bound in leather, round corners, gilt edge, well printed on fine thin paper, making a handsome book. The colored plates contained in this edition are particularly fine.

Any subscriber to the 'Messenger' can secure this book by sending four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each, or six renewal subscriptions at forty cents each.

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## My Beautiful Secret.

I have learned a beautiful secret,
  I know not how or where;
But I know it is sweet and precious,
  And true, and glad, and fair;
And that God in heaven reveals it
  To all that have ears to hear.

And I know that ere I learned it
  My way was weary and hard;
And somewhere in life's music,
  There was always that which jarred,
A hidden and dreary discord
  That all its sweetness marred.

But my Harp of Life was lifted
  By One who knew the range
Of its many strings—for he 'made' it—
  And He struck a keynote strange;
And beneath the touch of the Master
  I heard the music change.

No longer it failed and faltered,
  No longer sobbed and strove;
But it seemed to soar and mingle
  With the song of heaven above;
For the pierced hands of the Master
  Had struck the keynote—Love.

Thy heart's long-prisoned music
  Let the Master's Hand set free!
Let Him whisper His beautiful secret
  To 'thee'—as He hath to me!
'My Love is the golden keynote
  Of all my will for Thee.'

—Edith Gilling Cherry, in the 'Christian.'

## Two Birthdays.

'Do you want some walks swept, or leaves raked, or kindling chopped?' asked a cheery young voice outside Mrs. Grey's open door.

'Why, Jamie Lyle, is that you?' Mrs. Grey brought her sewing to the porch and sat down on the steps. 'Yes, the lawns need raking. And so you have gone into business?'

'Yes'm; I want to earn some money for Laurie's birthday.'

'Your baby brother? I thought his birthday came last month.'

'Yes'm, but things went very crooked then.' Jamie studied the toes of his tan shoes for a minute, and then looked up with a sudden burst of confidence. 'I s'pose I've been pretty selfish a good while, but I didn't know it till baby's birthday—honest, Mis' Grey, I didn't. He was two years old last month, and of course father and mother gave him things, and I meant to buy him a present, too. I thought I'd get him a rubber ball and a little red tin pail, so I went to Mr. Denton's first. While I sat on the counter looking at things, I saw the nicest knife—four blades and a gimlet.

'I wanted it the first minute, and the longer I looked the more I wanted it. I had money enough to do it if I didn't buy anything for baby, so at last I took it. I thought I'd call it buying it for Laurie, but I could use it just the same. Well, when I showed it to mother she said it was "a very nice knift," but there was a little look on her face that made me feel queer inside. She said baby was too little to use it, for he'd cry to have it opened, and cut himself if it was open.

'"Yes'm, but I thought he'd like it when he gets big enough," I told her. "It's just the thing for a boy like me to use."

'She and father looked at each other, and then she said, "Well, that will be a long time to wait, so I must wrap it up in tissue paper and lay it away in my drawer where it will keep bright. It's Laurie's present, so it wouldn't be right to let any one use it or spoil it before he gets it."

'Wasn't I disappointed! But I couldn't say anything, and the knife was laid away, and father and mother didn't say another word about it. This week my birthday came. Did you know I was eight years old, Mis' Grey? I hoped father would buy me a bicycle, but I didn't know, and what do you think he did that morning? He came into the room rolling a great big wheel, and said he had bought it for my birthday.

'"Well, I can't ride that one," I told him, and I felt most ready to cry.

'"No, not yet," he said as cool as you please, "but you'll grow up some day. It's just right for me to ride now."

'He and mother smiled at each other over my head. I knew they did. I thought if they were going to do that miser'ble old present business all over again, he should have it just the way I did. So I said, "It's a very nice wheel, but it's a good while to wait. I think. I will do it up, though, and lock it up in my room, so it'll keep new, 'cause it's for me, and 'twouldn't be fair for somebody else to spoil it while I'm growing up."

'How he and mother did laugh! The lump sort of went out of my throat then so I could laugh, too, and father said, "Well, that is turning the tables, isn't it, Jamie?"

'Then he brought in another wheel, just right for me—he'd bought himself a new one too—and we had a splendid ride together. I guess he thought I didn't need any preachin' to and I didn't. It's the meanest kind of selfishness to do selfish things, and then try to cheat folks by pretendin' you did 'em because you're so generous. So I want to earn some money, and I'm going to buy baby something for his two-year-old birthday, and not for my eight-year-old one.'

Mrs. Grey laughed heartily. 'Well, Jamie,' she said, 'I've got quite a lot of kindling to be cut, and you shall have it all to do. And I guess it would be a good thing for us all to learn the same lesson you've been learned about giving.'—Selected.

## The Discontented Clam.

At the ebb of tide, on the shore of a pretty cove, bitten out of the mainland by the voracious teeth of old Atlantic during a succession of his crazy fits, there could be seen a large colony of clams. For years they had enjoyed freedom from the approach of greedy man. The only enemies they knew were the fishes and creeping things of the sea, and the fish-hawks and crows of the land; these latter came regularly to the shore, when the tide was out, the crows with much bowing and scraping and wise discussion of the philosophy of things, and the fish-hawk with stately tread, secretly watching for the unwary clam to leave his head sticking out of his shell.

In this colony was one very large clam, whose big head often tempted the appetite of these wily birds, who gloated over the fat morsel they knew to be encased in the hard shells.

Now, it happened that this old clam had often bewailed his sad lot to be confined to this limited place; but his one and only great and clumsy and gouty foot would not allow him to travel far from the place of his birth. His discontent was not lessened when the flood tides covering him brought a great variety of fishes, crabs, and lobsters to his neighborhood, for in every case his head, though covered with a dark skin, which held in its wrinkles the loose sand, made it difficult to tell it from dirt and stones about it had come to be the one savory morsel which these creatures wished to get hold of, and when the ebb tide came, both fish-hawk and crow stalked forth with the hope of catching the unhappy clam off his guard.

Indeed, the crafty crow had on several occasions seized him by the neck, and, bracing his legs against the sand, tugged hard to pull him out of his house, only to be defeated and left with an appetite the fiercer from the taste of the well seasoned juice which the clam had stored in his pantry.

But in spite of the fact that the tides, in their ebb and flow, brought to him an abundance of food, and twice in every twenty-four hours a change of surrounding—now the deep waters, then the clear air, sometimes filled with sunlight, sometimes with starlight—and notwithstanding there was always something doing in his neighborhood, he grew more and more discontented with his lot.

In vain the hermit crab, attracted by the groanings of this old and morose philosopher, tried to convince him that his lot was vastly better than the lot of some others. 'Look at me!' said the hermit crab. 'Nature never gave to me any sort of a house to live in. She forgot to protect me. I must begin my life looking for a castaway and unoccupied tenement, some old house from which I must back in stealth, and out of which I must go in search of another as soon as I grow a little larger. You have, however, a house that grows with your growth, which opens and shuts on a famous hinge. You have a strong foot that burrows for you a deep hole, into which, shell and all, you can sink. You can, as effectively as man himself, excluding the air from the chamber, add to your own natural strength that of the atmospheric pressure, while I am ever the creature of the currents of the sea, and the prey of every vagabond fish. Cheer up, Mr. Clam; there are other fellows worse off than you are.'

But the old clam grew more and more morose. One day, when the tide was out, a cunning old fish hawk from his flight landed beside the clam, and, before the clam was aware of his presence, took note of his groans and complaints. 'I am in bad luck,' cried the clam. 'I can't go anywhere; I must stay right here all the time, in the same old place. If I put my foot out and pull myself along, it is for so short a distance that it hardly pays to make the effort. Here are these creatures—fishes, and crabs and lobsters, and even snails—that come and camp right in my doorway, and watch a chance to get a taste of me; they can go anywhere; here are all these birds that fly, hither and thither, even into the great world above. I wish that I could swim away like the fishes, or fly away like the birds!'

'What is that I am hearing you saying?' said the fish hawk. 'Want to swim? want to fly? Why, that is easy enough, if you will only take some lessons in it. I could not fly at first, but some one pushed me out into the great world above me and beneath me, and I found that it was easy enough.'

'I wish that some one would teach me!' said the clam.'

'Since I learned I have given many a lesson to others,' said the crafty fish hawk; indeed that is my chief business; from it I ob-

tain a good living. To-morrow I have an engagement to teach a certain fish to fly, and will, if you care to watch for me, pass right over your head with the fish.'

'That I will do,' said the old clam.

According to his word, when the clam was waiting and watching, the fish hawk sailed over and around his head, holding the fish in his strong claws as he went on to his nest, and to fish his dinner.

The next day the fish hawk called again on the clam, and asked him if he was ready for his lesson.'

'Yes!' said the clam.

'Put out your head then,' said the fish hawk, 'and I will help you out of your hole.'

'Pull gently!' said the clam. 'I will not hold back.'

Taking the clam in his claws, the fish hawk rose higher and higher in the air. 'Oh, but this is glorious!' said the clam, as still higher and higher he rose. Then all at once he began to fall, for the fish hawk let go, and followed to encourage him. Down, and down and down fell the clam, in his delight again and again exclaiming, 'Oh, this is glorious! I can now fly like the birds; I will never again be stuck fast in the mud,' when all at once he struck on a large rock, over which the cunning fish hawk had craftily dropped him, smashing his shell all to pieces, and the wicked fish hawk swooped down and ate him all up!

Be content to live in the sphere for which God created you.—'Watchman.'

## On a Bedroom Wall.

(On the wall of a bedroom in Skibo Castle, Mr. Carnegie's country seat in Scotland, is a little poem in gold lettering on watered silk bordered with sprays of green. It is full of comfort and tenderness; and to a weary spirit it sounds like the benediction that follows after prayer.)

Sleep sweetly in this quiet room,
O thou, whoe'er thou art,
And let no mournful yesterday
Disturb thy peaceful heart.

Nor let to-morrow scare thy rest
With dreams of coming ill;
Thy Maker is thy changeless Friend—
His love surrounds thee still.

Forget thyself and all the world,
Put out each glaring light,
The stars are watching overhead;
Sleep sweetly then—Good night!

## Elsa's Learning.

('Friendly Greetings.')

'I never saw such a girl as you, Elsa,' said Bertha Klein, coming in one morning and finding her friend Elsa Reingold in the kitchen, learning of the old cook how to prepare the day's dinner.

'Indeed?' replied Elsa, lifting a fair, sweet face and smiling; 'how am I so peculiar?'

'Why, you are always at work upon something that there is no need for you to do. Now, day before yesterday, you were in the laundry being taught clear starching. Yesterday—your mother told me—you were learning a new pattern in knitting, of Frau Felsen, the old cripple woman. And to-day you are a cook.'

But Elsa only laughed, and went on rolling out paste on her board.

'Of course,' continued Bertha, 'if you were a poor person it would be different; but you have servants to do everything, and I don't know why you should learn their work.'

'Bertha, dear, you do not see my reason?' said Elsa. 'I want to learn all that I possibly can. None of us can tell what might happen, and any sort of knowledge is sure to come in usefully some day.'

But Bertha was not to be convinced, and told her friend that she was lowering herself, as a lady, in learing these household duties.

The fathers of the two girls were partners in the same business, and hitherto all had gone well, so that both families were in very comfortable circumstances.

But then came a season of bad trade. The business dwindled away almost to nothing, and the partners found it difficult to struggle on and keep afloat. At home everything had to be changed, and both families gave up their large houses, and moved into small flats.

'Mother dear,' said Elsa, as they were making their arrangements, 'in these little rooms we can quite well do without a maid. There are but three of us, and I will do the work under your direction.' And Frau Reingold blessed her industrious, willing daughter, and thankfully agreed to a plan which would save expense in the little household.

In Bertha's home, however, it was found impossible to get on without a servant. Bertha had always despised what she called menial work, and had no idea how to turn her hand to anything. Her mother was equally helpless, and as they could not afford a really capable and experienced maid, there was much discomfort in the home, and this spoiled the temper of the family, and took away all peace and harmony.

## Another Publican.

(Miss Elizabeth H. Miller, in the New York 'Observer.')

It was Sunday morning, Jaky Barlow could scarcely, he said, be at church, in the strict sense of that phrase. Indeed, had you suggested going to church to Jaky he would have flouted the idea with scorn, or else have been filled with a delicious sense of amusement. But after the service had begun, to creep round to a side window, and digging his shoes into the hard wood of the building, to draw himself stealthily up to the window ledge, and get a view of the decorous worshippers within—this was of the nature of unlawful adventure, and hence recommended itself to Jaky's mind.

Propped up, then, on his uncertain perch, he proceeded to take a survey through the blinds of the congregation.

'Quite a turnout!' he commented to himself. 'The deacon and the elders and all the holy folks. Wonder what they'd think to see me here? Just the same, I suppose, as they always do whenever they see me, that I am an awful sinner, and I ought to be good like them. I ought to keep myself clean inside and out, the way they do.

To be sure, they have always had clean thoughts and clean ways provided for them, and laid out ready to use, the same as their clean clothes were, and I never had; but I ought to be just as good, just the same. Ain't that sensible, though, and fair?'

Jaky's brow was clouded, and there was tugging at his ignorant heart a wistful feeling of envy, as he looked over the grave faces in the pews below him. Those faces grew graver as he looked, and the quiet in the church deepened into a hush, out of which the preacher's voice rang very distinctly. In spite of himself, Jaky listened.

'It may be,' said the preacher, 'that there is some one here to-day who feels that he stands far off from the things of God. His temptations are many, his good influences few. Day by day, as the days reach out before him, he sees hindrances, and clogs, and trial in the way, the life of the Son of God seems very far removed from him. Oh, if that man is here I beg him to remember the story which we have been studyiag together. I beg him never to forget that when the Lord Jesus Christ painted a picture, which was to stand in His church for all ages, as the example of accepted prayer, it was the picture of a man, "standing afar off." It was the picture of a man who, standing afar off, could yet draw near enough to lay his hands on the very heart of God, his Father.'

Jaky would hear no more. He loosened his hold on the window ledge and dropped to the ground.

'That's too much like preaching,' he muttered discontentedly, and forthwith lounged off through the church gates, down the road to the river. Now, in this direction lived an old man known to all the townspeople as 'Uncle Asa.' For a year or two he had been a cripple, not able to go more than a few steps from his door. Every young man in the place was on the best possible terms with Uncle Asa, from the Mayor's son down to—well, down to Jaky. Jaky would have maintained that, when he left the church, he took the road to the river by accident, and not in the least because at the first corner he would find a white-haired, bent old man, sitting at a window, reading out of a big Bible, and waiting to catch in his kindly web any passer who might stray into it. However that may be, certain it is that Jaky did not get further than Uncle Asa's little cabin.

'Come in,' said the old man hospitably—'come in and rest.'

Jaky went in and flung himself down on the floor, with his head on Uncle Asa's lounge.

'I have been thinking about you, Jaky,' said Uncle Asa. 'I was thinking of you last night. I am wondering, Jaky, what you are going to make of yourself.'

'Well, you see, I haven't quite decided yet,' responded Jaky glibly. 'I don't know whether to find a gold mine, or to settle down and be President of the United States, and content myself with that. Pshaw! Uncle Asa,' he broke off impatiently, 'you ought to know better than to talk so! Folks don't make themselves. A fellow can't be a nice, religious ornament to society by his own say so.'

Uncle Asa nodded acquiescence. 'That's true.'

'He turns out,' Jaky went on, 'just as it happens, according to his luck.'

'No,' said Uncle Asa; 'according to whether he lets the Lord have His way with him or not.'

Jaky jerked his head over on his arm, and there was silence for a time.

'Uncle Asa,' he said, presently, 'I haven't got any chance. I never have had a chance. What kind of a good man do you suppose I could make?'

'The best kind,' returned the old man, promptly and emphatically. 'There's your answer to that question straight off, without having to hunt for it, thank the Lord.'

'You are fooling,' said Jaky; 'or else you are foolish. I tell you I'm bad. Everybody says it, and it's so. I was born to badness, and I was bred to it, and I took right to it naturally. I never have known anything else.' He stopped a moment before he corrected himself somewhat shamefacedly. 'At least, nothing else but you, Uncle Asa, and I don't see how I ever come to know you. What would

be the use of trying to turn against all this and change what was meant? I'd only make a poor, silly failure at being good, whereas at being bad I am a first-rate success.'

'It wouldn't be turning against what was meant for you to be good,' said Uncle Asa. 'It would be turning back to it. It would be finding out the meaning of your life, the real meaning that's in the mind of God toward it and that you are missing now, Jaky.'

Jaky shook his head. 'That is poetry,' he said; 'that is nice, sacred music; but it's not sense. I couldn't be a saint—I'd not be worth making up.'

'God Almighty thinks you are,' said Uncle Asa; 'and He can do it. He can take just such a boy as you are—a wrong-headed, wrong-hearted boy (for I can't but own that you are all of that, Jaky)—and He can make you an honor and a blessing in His world. Those are good things to be, my boy, good for you and for them that come about you and copy their ways from yours.'

Jaky made no answer. Soon after he got up to go and walked slowly on and on along the quiet Sunday road. He did not know much about praying. He was not sure that the longing appeal, struggling in the depth of his soul, was prayer. But I believe that the glad hosts of Heaven bent low to listen, and that the recording angel made haste to write.

At last, at a turn in the road, Jaky stopped. 'I will go down to the river,' he said to himself, 'and think about it.' But in a moment he had changed his mind. 'No; I will go home and do it.'

Jaky's was not a very inviting home. It was of the order called 'ramshackle.' Rags, dirt, and ill-temper prevailed throughout its three, small, poor rooms. When Jaky came in his mother was trying to get the dinner, with a fat, cross baby in her arms.

'Give her to me, mother,' he said. 'I'll keep her for you.'

His mother stared at him, but made no objection. Baby Lucy, on the other hand, seemed about to make very strenuous objection; but suddenly the wrinkles smoothed out of her face, one plump arm stole about Jaky's neck, and with a little murmur of content, she cuddled her head down on his shoulder. He carried her over to the window.

'It seems,' he whispered to himself, 'as if she almost knew!'

That evening, when the baby was asleep, and all the rest of the family were off on the streets, Jaky and his mother sat together before the kitchen fire.

'Mother,' said Jaky, after a long silence, 'I heard a piece of a sermon this morning.'

'I thought something queer had happened you,' said Mrs. Barlow, with a shrewd nod of her head. 'You ain't been like yourself all day.'

'After this,' Jaky went on, bent on saying what he had made up his mind to say, 'I'm going to church Sundays regular; I mean, sit up proper in the pews like other church people do. And in the weekdays I'm going to be different and decent. I'm going to change the way Uncle Asa thinks even a fellow like me can change, if he's a mind to, if he'll pray and keep on praying and try to live according.'

So Jaky Barlow made his confession of faith. He drew a deep sigh of relief when it was over.

His mother looked at him questioningly with big, solemn eyes.

'You don't suppose, Jaky,' she said in a hushed whisper—'you don't ever suppose you've been converted, do you?'

The question struck Jaky as funny. He grinned broadly, then laughed:

'Well, now, I declare, come to think of it, I believe that's just about it. Ain't that a good one on me? Won't the fellows shout, though? Let 'em; who cares? I'm tired of being just one thing—bad! I want to be good.'

'What put such an idea in your head?'

Then Jaky told his mother about the sermon.

'I don't know why the preacher ever wanted to preach it,' he said, 'to easy, comfortable folks like those. Seems as if none of them needed to stand afar off and be afraid to lift up their eyes to Heaven. They'd got considerable more independence and nerve about them than that, I reckon.'

'I don't know,' said Mrs. Barlow, soberly. 'When it comes to be Heaven you're talking about, I guess nearness or farness don't count the same as in other things. It ain't what you eat, or what you wear, or where you live that counts; it's what your heart is. If it ain't right, if it's proud or hard or anyways wicked, you're bound to stand just so far off, and a million dollars won't bring you a step closer.'

Jaky looked over at her curiously in the light of the smoked lamp.

'Mother,' he said, 'why didn't you tell us children all such things when we was little? Maybe we wouldn't have been such a tough lot if we'd had any raising.'

For all answer Mrs. Barlow suddenly dropped her frowsy head upon her ragged arms on the dirty kitchen table, and burst into a storm of sobs.

Jaky was overwhelmed. He had known his mother to cry in a passion, and once or twice when a neighbor's baby died, but this was entirely new to his experience. He was deeply embarrassed, as well as distressed, and here again with feelings that were unusual.

'Don't cry, mother,' he said at last, laying an uncertain hand on her shoulder. 'Never mind. Maybe you can learn us yet. We ain't any of us so very big—Lucy and Tim's real little. I'm the oldest, and I always was lots the meanest, and I'm converted, you know. I'll help you with the rest. And between us we'll get this family up out of the mud yet. See if we don't.' Jaky's voice halted, and then went on slowly: 'That is, we two will, and the Lord, making three of us altogether.'

Before the week was out Jaky's brothers were proclaiming to their cronies on the street:

'What do you think? Jaky's begun on sampling religion now. Ain't that the worst? He's the awfulest fellow for trying new kinds, Jaky is. Says he means it, sure; that it's going to last. He says he'll get many a tumble, he don't doubt; but he won't give up, not if the Lord will just hold fast to him, and he knows He will. What kind of talk is that for Jaky Barlow?'

Jaky's religion did last. He had his failures and falls, his hours of discouragement and doubt; but God held him fast and he kept on his way.

The circumstances of the Barlow family have altered greatly in these last three or four years. They live in a tidy cottage now, and rags and dirt are things of the past. The older boys and girls are still not all that could be wished, but Jaky and Uncle Asa will not lose heart. As for Mrs. Barlow, she never tires of telling of the Sunday morning when Jaky 'went down to his house justified.'

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## Be Kind and True.

Be kind, little maiden—be kind;
In life's busy way you will find
There is always room for a girl who smiles
And with loving service the hour beguiles;
A lass who is thoughtful as she is fair,
And for others' wishes has a care;
Who is quick to see when the heart is sad,
And is loving and tender to make it glad;
Who loves her mother and lightens her cares,
And many a household duty shares;
Who is kind to the aged and kind to the young,
And laughing and merry and full of fun;
There is always love for a girl who is sweet,
Always a smile her smile to greet;
Then be kind, little maiden—be kind.

Be true, little laddie, be true,
From your cap to the sole of your shoe;
Oh, we love a lad with an honest eye,
Who scorns deceit and who hates a lie;
Whose spirit is brave, and whose heart is pure,
Whose smile is open, whose promise sure;
Who makes his mother a friend so near
He'll listen to nothing she may not hear;
Who's his father's pride and his sister's joy—
A hearty, thorough, and manly boy;
Who loves on the playground a bat and ball,
But will leave fun bravely at duty's call;
Who's as pleasant at work as he is at play,
And takes a step upward with each new day;
Then be true, little laddie—be true.

—'Child's Companion.

## As Cross as a Bear.

You're as cross as a bear,' said Bess to Billy.

Uncle Jim whistled. 'Bears aren't cross to members of their own family,' he said. 'Now, I knew a bear once—'

Bess and Billy both ran to him and climbed up on his lap.

'Did you really ever know a bear?' cried Billy, with wide open yes.

'Well, not intimately,' said Uncle Jim, 'but I used to go hunting them when I was up in Canada, and one day I was out with a hunting party, and we saw right straight in front of us—what do you suppose?'

'A real bear!' gasped the children in concert.

'Yes, a real mother bear and her little son. The dogs started after them, and the mother bear began to run, but the little baby son couldn't run as fast as she did, and the dogs were gaining on him, so what do you suppose the mother bear did? Leave her little son behind? No, sir-ee-ee. She picked the baby bear up on her stout nose and tossed him ahead; then she ran fast and caught up to him and gave him another boost that sent him flying through the air. She kept this up for a mile and a half. Then she was too tired to go any farther, and the dogs surrounded her. Then she sat up on her haunches, took her baby in her hind paws and fought the dogs off with her fore paws. And how she did roar!'

Bess shuddered.

'You could hear her miles away. She never forgot her baby; kept guarding him all the time. When the mother was shot the baby cub jumped on her dead body and tried to fight off the dogs with his little baby paws. That's the way the bears stand by each other. Sometimes I think they love each other better than brothers and sisters. Hey, Bess, what are you crying about? I guess I won't tell you any more bear stories if that is the way it makes you feel.'

'Billy,' sobbed Bess, 'you'r as good—as good as a bear!'

Then they all laughed together and forgot what they had been cross about.—New york 'Tribune.'

## 'Bray's Got to be Killed.'

'Please, Mr. Joynes, there's a little boy at the back gate to see you.'

'At the back gate? Bring him in, Peter.'

'He won't come in, sir; says he's awful busy, and hasn't got time.'

'How big is he?'

'About as big as my fist, sir,' said Peter.

The good-natured gentleman went out to the back gate. 'Well, countryman,' he said pleasantly, 'what can I do for you?'

The small boy—he was a very small boy—took off a soft dirty hat and held it behind him. 'I've come to tell you, sir, that Bray's got to be killed.'

'Bray, my Newfoundland dog? And who sent you here with that information?' asked the gentleman, losing his pleasant looks.

'Nobody sent me,' answered the boy, stoutly; 'I've come here by myself. Bray has runned my sheep free days. He's got to be killed.'

'Where did you get any sheep?' asked Mr. Joynes.

'My sheep are Mr. Ransom's. He gives me fifteen cents a week for watching 'em.'

'Did you tell Mr. Ransom that Bray had been running them?'

'No, sir; I telled you.'

'Ah, that is well. I don't want to kill Bray. Suppose I give you fifteen cents a week for not telling Mr. Ransom when Bray runs his sheep. How would that do?'

As soon as the little shepherd got the idea into his head, he scornfully rejected it. That 'ud be paying me for a lie,' he said indignantly. 'I wouldn't tell lies for all the money in the world.'

When he said this, Mr. Joynes took off his own hat, and reached down and took the small, dirty hand in his. 'Hurrah, herdsman!' 'I beg your pardon for offering you a bribe. Now I know that the keeper of Mr. Ransom's sheep is not afraid of a man four times his size, but that he is afraid to tell a lie. Hurrah for you! I am going to tell Mr. Ransom that if he doesn't raise your wages, I shall offer you twice fifteen cents and take you into my service. Meantime, Bray shall be shut up while your sheep are on my side of the hill. Will that do? All right, then. Good morning, countryman.'—'English Magazine.'

## Man'el Hodge's Courtship.

A Professor and His Pupil.

(Mark Guy Pearse, in the 'Methodist Times.')

(Continued.)

III.

Man'el Manages Without a Teacher.

How it came about Man'el could never tell, not even think. It seemed to him that it had all come of itself—with no word spoken, and nothing done.

He had never gone to take lessons, had never been put up to any methods, and yet there it was—the man who did not understand, the man awkward in word and ways, the man to whom all women were as much alike as a flock of sheep, Man'el was going to be married!

It may have been quite accidentally that Mrs. Gundry happened to be passing Man'el's house, and stayed to have a word with him as he was digging in his garden.

'Mornin', Man'el,' she began, 'you got some fine leeks, there, I see.'

'Well, iss'—and Man'el lifted himself and rested on the spade, 'I s'pose they be.'

'Fine things for a pie, Man'el, and healthy, too, they say.'

'Iss, if you do know how to make it,' sighed Man'el, for whom a deaf old slaternly woman came in to do the cooking and whose chief concern was to save herself any trouble.

'Will 'ee have some, Mrs. Gundry?'

'Well, I'll take 'ee, Man'el. I'll take some home, and Kitty shall make a leekie pie, and you come down to supper, will 'ee?'

''Tis very good of 'ee, I'm sure. I'll come.'

'Well, say about six o'clock, shall us, if that will suit 'ee. Good-bye for the present.'

'Good-bye and thank 'ee, Mrs. Gundry.'

Ah, who can tell as it should be told the charms of a leekie pie. The crust all crisp and shiny-brown, the gravy of a milky richness, the succulent and juicy vegetable, the tender bits of bacon here and there. If the lecks for which the Israelites lusted were put into a pie, he will find it hard to blame them greatly who after a day's hard work shall sit at such a supper as that which waited at Mrs. Gundry's house for Man'el Hodge.

Man'el thought he had never enjoyed anything so much in his life. The feeling of an infinite relief was still upon him—that he had not to consider his words and his ways. That was all gone for ever, and now the very soul of him was flung with glad abandonment into the pleasure of the evening. The stupendous undertaking of trying to get a wife was at an end.

It was with the blessedness of a great freedom that Man'el sat in the cheery kitchen, where all was so bright and clean, and the very brasses and tins were polished like mirrors. It was a contrast with his own house that he could not but feel, yet he was too happy to trouble himself as to the cause of that contrast. About him were six merry maidens whose laughter was infectious and over all was the cheery presence of the motherly old soul at the head of the table.

Man'el had relished the first plateful with evident relish.

'Have a bit more, Man'el?' said Mrs. Gundry, rising and cutting a crisp slice of the crust. 'You'm very welcome.'

'Well, thank 'ee, Mrs. Gundry, I b'lieve I will. I never tasted nothing so good since mother died—she was a fine hand for pastry.'

'Iss, your dear mother, she was that, Man'el. Kitty made this here, she's a good cook is Kitty; that one next to 'ee' tis.'

Kitty of the black curly hair and the merry black eyes blushed as Man'el turned to look at her.

'Well, mother herself couldn't do it better—and I can't say more than that.'

It was still daylight on that autumn evening when, the supper ended, they strolled to the garden in front of the house.

The roses have got a lovely smell, to be sure,' said Man'el, drawing down a heavy spray to enjoy the fragrance more fully.

'Will 'ee have some?' asked Mrs. Gundry; 'you're welcome, Man'el. Put one in his buttonhole, Kitty, if he don't mind.'

Pretty Kitty! with a roguish laugh, picked one and held it. 'Perhaps Man'el wouldn't like it?'

'Aw, I don't mind,' said Man'el; 'they do smell lovely.'

'Shall I pin it in for 'ee?' said Kitty, coming nearer.

'I don't mind,' said Man'el.

'Man'el likes leeks better, I b'lieve,' laughed Kitty.

'Well,' drawled Man'el slowly, 'come to think about it, I b'lieve I do. But I must be going home long.'

'We're fine and glad to see 'ee, Man'el.'

'You'm wonderful good, I'm sure.' And Man'el was gone.

The mother and the maidens were busy clearing up the dishes and putting things away, when he came back and thrust his head in at the door 'I'll give 'ee some more leeks if you mind to, Mrs. Grundy.'

'Thank 'ee, Man'el, and Kitty shall make 'ee another pie.'

'Take care of the rose,' laughed Kitty.

'Aw, I forgot about that. Good night.'

So Man'el went home under the sunset sky, blessing Zacchy again that the terrible lessons were done with. 'I sha'n't never try to learn that any more—I ar'n't made for it.' And Man'el shut the door for the night and bolted it.

It was but a few days after that Man'el came down to Mrs. Gundry's, and having knocked at the door he opened it and walked boldly in.

'Anybody about, is there?' he called.

'Yes, I am down here.' It was Kitty's merry voice that called from the cool dairy with its slabs of slate where stood the pans of scalded cream. Here with her sleeves rolled back over her arms she was busy making the butter.

'I've a-brought some more leeks,' said Man'el, putting the basket on the floor.

''Tis very good of you, I'm sure. You'll come to supper, of course, and we will have another pie,' and Kitty's pretty face was turned towards him over her shoulder as she spoke.

It was a charming picture. The black hair that would break out in little whisps and curls about her face and neck, a face full of kindly humor, and a mouth that seemed made for rippling laughter; the pink cotton gown that she wore, protected for her work by a big white apron. The cool air of the place was fragrant with the sweetness of the milk and the cream. Everything was deliciously clean. Man'el could not but feel the charm of the place though unconscious, perhaps, of what made it. It was rather the charm of an atmosphere than of anything he could define.

'Your sister can make a lovely pie,' Man'el began in his awkward way.

'Sister!' laughed Kitty, 'why, 'tis me!'

'Aw, dear, dear! Women is all alike to me,' groaned Man'el.

'Well, now, Man'el, take a good look at me, and then you'll remember me,' and Kitty's merry eyes were turned towards him as she looked over her shoulder—so now you know.'

'I shan't know 'ee again, I'm sure! 'tis terrible awkward,' sighed Man'el. Then, as if that were not of the slightest matter he looked about the dairy. 'What a pretty place you've got here, to be sure, and how nice you do keep it. I wish mine was like it.'

'Why don't you get somebody to look after it, then?'

(To be continued.)


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# LITTLE FOLKS

## Fijians in London.

One of the singular companies that came to England at the time of the Coronation of King Edward was a band of Fijian soldiers. Representatives of all the British colonies in all parts of the world came together to do honor to the occasion, and as Fiji is now a British colony these soldiers from that island group were brought to London and were encamped in the grounds of the Alexandra Palace. One of their number was a grandson of old King Thakombau, who was once as cruel and bloodthirsty a cannibal as ever the world has seen.

THAKOMBAU THE CANNIBAL KING OF FIJI.

Less than seventy years ago the Fiji Islands was one of the darkest spots on the face of the earth. The King and his people, always vicious, were specially angry when the missionaries attempted to live among them. They did everything in their power to keep out these preachers of the gospel. Thakombau said to them, 'I hate your Christianity.' Some of the stories of his killing and eating the captives he made in war are too horrible to tell. The custom among the Fijians had been that when a chief died his wives should be strangled, and when Tanoa, Thakombau's father died, the son had five wives put to death, and this in spite of the utmost remonstrances of the missionaries. But the story of Jesus Christ and His love for men at last touched his hard heart and he confessed he had been the scourge of the earth, and he became a humble, praying disciple, honoring the Christian name among his people.

And now the Fiji Islands are as truly Christianized as almost any part of the world. All the people go to church and the greater part of them are living fairly good lives. When Queen Victoria came to the throne of England those Islands were sunk in the worst form of cannibalism, but when her son was crowned, the grandson of the vicious old chief of Fiji was one of the soldiers that represented a Christian people at the Coronation.—'Mission Dayspring.'

## My Mamma's Lap.

(Strickland W. Gillilan, in 'Leslie's Weekly.')

I like t' play wif dollies an' I like
t' go t' school;
I like t' jump my skippin'-rope in
mornings when it's cool;
I like t' play go-visitun while dolly
takes her nap,
But sometimes nuffin else'll do but
sit in mamma's lap.

I like t' climb th' peach tree an' I
like to make mud-pies;
I like t' play wi puppy an' I like a
birfday s'prise;
I like t' go out ridin' an' ist wear
my little cap,
But when I'm tired an' sleepy, w'y,
I want my mamma's lap.

I like t' tend my play-house is th'
finest place in town;
I like t' play 'big lady wif long
skirts a-hangin' down;
I like t' go t' Sunday-school an'
wear my new silk wrap—
But when a lump gets in my froat
I ist want mamma's lap.

## Shopping.

(By Mary Alden Hopkins, in 'Youth's Companion.')

Dorothy is the only little girl mother has and mother is the only caretaker Dorothy has; so where mother goes, Dorothy goes too. Squirrels in the park, eating nuts from one's hand, are delightful, and so is a sand beach where wavelets play tag with little bare feet. Why, when there are parks and beaches, should a mother ever choose to go shopping in a great wearisome store?

Mother understands that little girls are not shoppers, and she always provides a 'compensation.' That is what she names it; Dorothy calls it 'pep'mints.' She carries, too, a light folding camp-stool, just the right height for a small girl, on which Dorothy can sit whenever she is tired, and rest the little aching legs.

One morning mother had to buy many articles and match others, which takes time. Passers-by smiled at the little girl sitting on her low stool, out of the way of the crowd, and eating small white peppermints out of a paper bag.

There are only ten in a 'compensation,' and Dorothy could not decide whether they lasted longer if one sucked them or if one ate them four bites to a candy. After she had finished the tenth she waited what seemed to her a long time before she decided to search for mother.

'I will go in the bird-cage,' she decided. and went toward the elevator.

'Where are you going, little girl?' asked the guard in a blue uniform with brass buttons, who opened the doors of the elevator.

'I am going to find my mother, soldier man,' replied Dorothy, with much dignity.

The man laughed and enquired, 'Are you lost?'

With still more dignity Dorothy replied, 'I'm not lost, soldier man' 'Can't you see that I am right here? It is mother who is lost.'

The man was surely very jolly, for he laughed still more heartily as he said, 'You go over by that counter,—see?—and when your mother comes I'll send her to you.'

The man might have been a little girl himself, he chose the waiting-place so well, for the counter was the doll counter. Dorothy sat down on her camp-stool in sheer amazement at sight of big, little and tiny dolls; talking, walking and sleeping dolls; father, mother and grandmother dolls; girl, boy and baby dolls; cook, mammy and nurse-maid dolls; soldier, sailor and fireman dolls.

On the next counter were beds, cradles, and cribs; chairs, hammocks and couches; tables, dishes and sideboards; stoves, skillets and tea-kettles for the dolls that stayed at home; and for the dolls that travelled, trunks, bags and luncheon-boxes; carriages, horses and automobiles; boats, trains and trolley-cars.

It took time to examine all these wonders, and Dorothy had just reached the lions, lambs, cows, cats, dogs, tigers, rabbits, roosters and 'billy-goats' on a third counter when mother came toward her, still smiling at something the guard had told her.

'Oh mother,' cried Dorothy, 'don't you see the 'compensation' is all eaten! Do you think I might have a 'treat,' too, to-day?'

Mother was troubled as she looked at the beautiful toys, for she feared Dorothy would choose a costly one which she could not buy her.

'What would you like for a treat?' she asked.

Dorothy pointed to a rabbit made of soft white cloth and stuffed with cotton.

'Lions and tigers are scarful,' she explained, 'but a little white rabbit is lovely to take to bed at night.'

Mother agreed, and that night the little white rabbit slept in Dorothy's crib.

## Dog-Hints.

(By 'Mike'—son of Pat, in 'Our Dumb Animals.')

They call me Mike. I'm a thoroughbred, from nose-tip to tail-tip, and master says I know so much about dogs and men that I ought to tell a thing or two. So I'm going to.

For instance, if you were taking care of someone's property and a bad looking man came along you'd ask what he wanted, wouldn't you? And if he stopped and acted like he was scared at you, you d pretty well find out what he wanted, wouldn't you? Well, if a dog does just the same thing in the best and only way he knows how, everybody says he is savage and dangerous. Now, if a stranger who smells evil (we dogs tell good from evil by our noses not by our eyes), I growl to see if it scares him. If it does, I just let him see that I am on to him, and he'd better keep out of the yard. If he keeps right on and speaks to me and goes to the door like an honest man, I bark and wag my tail to let him know it is all right.

Some fool men think that if a dog barks loud at them that they are dangerous. They don't know enough to look to see if he is wagging his tail. No dog ever bites a person at whom he wags his tail, but if I stick my nose and tail out on a line with my back it is about time to get over the fence. When a dog does that he means business.

A neighbor's dog was telling me how a friend of his master's could understand just what dogs mean by their bark, growl or actions. 'He came into my yard,' said the other dog, 'and into the barn I was taking care of, to get something. I jumped at him, but all he did was to say: 'What's the matter with you? Go back in your box, quick, or I'll pull all your teeth out.' Now if he had stopped or looked scared, I'd have had a piece of his leg before he could wink.'

Lots of people make a mistake by patting a strange dog on the top of the head. The way to make up to a strange dog is to stoop down, stick out your hand, palm up, and pat him on the chest between the front legs, or on the throat. A dog loves that. But before you touch him at all let him smell your hand for a moment. If the dog growls when he smells your hand let him alone; if he licks it he is your friend. You see it is this way: when a man wants to cuff a dog he does it on the top of the head or on the ears, with the back of his hand up. If your palm is up and under his jaw he knows you do not mean to cuff him. While the dog may not make friends, he will not bite you. No dog will ever bite a person who is stooping over or sitting on the heels. No matter how savage he is, he won't bite.

There are lots of fool persons in this world. Just because I am a bull terrier they think I am dangerous. My master has a small boss about five years old. I guess she's what they call his daughter, but he calls her 'sweetheart.' When she was a baby I was a puppy. We're true friends. Well, there is nothing she likes better than when I am gnawing a bone to put one of her fat arms around my neck and take the bone away from me with the other hand. I have heard some women who live near say, when they saw it, 'How dare you let that child touch that horrid bull-dog when he's eating?' Now wouldn't that make you bark?' Why, when she puts her arms about my neck and kisses my ear and says: 'Me loves oo Mity,' I tremble all over, and feel just like I do when I smell beefsteak cooking. You humans don't know how a dog longs to make you understand what he feels and means, and when a dog finds someone like my master and my master's little boss, who understands him to the least cock of the ear, he is just simply happy.

LESSON VIII.—NOVEMBER 19, 1905.

## Nehemiah's Prayer.

### Golden Text.

The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.—James v., 16.

### Home Readings.

Monday, November 13.—Neh. i., 1-11.
Tuesday, November 14.—Neh. ii., 1-11.
Wednesday, November 15.—Neh. ii., 12-20.
Thursday, November 16.—Lev. xxvi., 32-42.
Friday, November 17.—Deut. xxx., 1-10.
Saturday, November 18.—I. Kings viii., 44-53.
Sunday, November 19.—Dan. ix., 1-19.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

Picture, if you will, Nehemiah walking on the wall of Susa. Behind him are goodly palaces, and in the more distant background the mountains of Elam. Hard by is the tomb of Daniel. But Nehemiah's mind is far away. He is thinking of the sepulcher of his fathers and the mountain of the Lord's house. Hark! Can it be? He hears the accents of his own loved dialect. Returning to the parapet, he sees a company of travel-stained Jews. He greets them with Oriental demonstrativeness. One is his brother. He does not stop to ask his brother's health or fortune, or to narrate his own remarkable preferment at court. His first question is as to the state of the Jews in Jerusalem and of the temple. The tale the travellers tell is of the nature of a terrible surprise. In the absence of any news, he had thought all was well. To him personal prosperity is no substitute for the welfare of Zion. Surges of sorrow sweep his soul.

But, better than that, he also prayed. He showed those traits which God delights to honor—persistency and importunity. He prayed probably three times a day, and every day for a week. There was no answer; but, nothing daunted, he began the second week, and so continued for seventeen weeks and a day. One hundred and twenty days—just the time it would have required to measure with his footprints all the way from Susa to Jerusalem. God was, in fact, answering Nehemiah's prayer while he seemed to be withholding the answer. In this period of suspense a plan of procedure was being developed in the mind of the suppliant, its general principles, its minutest details. With the growth of the plan grew the conviction that he himself must put it into execution and the resolution to do so.

Study of this incident reveals Nehemiah as one of the most illustrious examples of disinterested patriotism, which history, sacred or profane, affords. He had a life tenure upon an office of high rank and many emoluments. He stood next to the monarch of the world. A palace was at his disposal, with all its luxurious appointments. But for the sake of his countrymen he relinquished all. What enhances the deed is that it was not done in a burst of enthusiasm, but after a considerable period, in which every element and phase of the situation was passed in review. Nehemiah knew that his life might be the forfeit of his plea for his fellow-countrymen to the fickle tyrant with whom he had to deal. Ease and safety must needs be thrown aside and a thousand miles' journey across a Bedouin-infested desert undertaken. Plots and counter-plots were in the way of herculean task. But in spite of all, with splendid deliberation and persistency, he made choice of God and his country.

ANALYSIS AND KEY.

An exile's thoughts of Jerusalem.
Unhappy tidings.
Forlorn condition of city and inhabitants.
A patriot's deep emotions.
His prayer, persistence, and importunity.
Prayer answered while seemingly denied.
Call to execute it.
Determination to do so.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

Granville Moody, when asked to lead students in chapel prayers, took a bit of chalk, and, turning to the blackboard behind him, wrote, in bold hand, 'Adoration, Deprecation, Thanksgiving, Confession, Supplication;' then saying, 'Let us pray,' he followed closely in his petition the formula on the board. Thus on the sensitive plate of memory, in five hundred young minds, the parts that go to make a perfect prayer were imprinted forever. All these parts will be found in Nehemiah's prayer.

Nehemiah's is one of the model prayers of the Bible. It furnishes an ideal for use in case of national affliction.

Why does God delay His answer to prayer? No advantage from such delay can possibly accrue to God. Often the thing requested is palpably in accord with His will and purpose. It may be that, in the delay and the consequent persistence and importunity required, that state of mind and heart is developed which will make the best and uttermost use of the blessing what at length it is conferred.

Prayer is an active factor in human affairs. Things come to pass through prayer that otherwise never would transpire. If Nehemiah had only wept, his tears would have availed nothing. He prayed, and his name stands next to that of Zerubbabel as having supplemented and conserved his work; for the temple without the wall could not have stood until Shiloh came.

Glorious achievements are the outcome of deep feeling. Nehemiah's emotions fairly chiselled his face. If his had been a mere passing and sentimental regret at the forlorn condition of Jerusalem, he would never have been the honored instrument of Providence in the rearing of the walls. He is immortal, because his heroic, patriotic, and devout soul was capable of the deepest feeling.

## C. E. Topic.

Sunday, November 19.—Topic — Medical missions (at home and abroad). Mark i., 29-34.

MEDICAL MISSIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Mark i., 29-34.

It is coming to be more and more conceded, entirely aside from the doctrine of His Divinity or the ecclesiastical systems which bear His name, that Jesus was and continues to be the greatest contributor to the practical betterment of human conditions throughout the world. He irradiated the highest ideals in His imperishable works and exemplified them in the loftiest life ever lived. By this means He is still pressing up to every bed of pain, befriending widow and fatherless, prisoner and stranger: He is rearing a greater barrier to intemperance and social vice than any drastic legislation, furnishing the solvent for economic problems, and the strongest deterrent to war. As the life of Jesus is lived over again and multiplied in those who know for what He stood, the days of universal right living will hasten and bring with them the days of universal peace and joy.

## Junior C. E. Topic.

MISSIONARIES IN JAPAN.

Monday, November 13.—Commanded to preach. Acts x., 42.

Tuesday, November 14.—'Thou shalt speak.' Jer. vii., 27, 28.

Wednesday, November 15.—'Declare what he hath done.' Ps. lxvi., 16.

Thursday, November 16.—'First giving themselves.' II. Cor. viii., 5.

Friday, November 17.—'Love of Christ constraineth.' II. Cor. v., 14.

Saturday, November 18.—'Him who hath called you.' I. Pet. ii., 9.

Sunday, November 19.—Topic—Our missionaries in Japan. Isa. lii., 7. (Missionary meeting.)

## Sunday School Teacher's Efficiency.

(W. W. Weeks, D.D., in the 'Exchange.')

Next to motherhood the greatest honor conferred on any individual is the care of a Sunday school class. The greatest possible care should be taken in the preparation of Sunday School teachers. A Sunday School teacher must be a 'brave' man or woman, brave enough to be loyal and true to God's word no matter what any one may say about it. Sunday School teachers must have 'fortitude'—that is resolution of purpose. The young lives so plastic, so easily moulded, ought only to be entrusted to men and women who believe they are there as God's servants to do special work for Him. Then there is the thought of 'endurance' in virtue, that is, the kind of life that 'persists' until it realizes what is set before it as its idea. We want a class of Sunday School teachers who will teach because they believe God wants the work done, and who will stick to it all through the year. Sunday School teachers should have knowledge—knowledge of the Word of God. They may have courage, resolution, endurance, but if they do not know the Word of God, they have no fitness to teach other people. The Sunday School teacher must have complete 'self-control'—control of himself before the scholars. Sunday School teachers of all the people in the world need to control their tempers. Then add to self-control 'patience'—patience is a virtue, every Sunday School teacher needs this virtue. What God wants is that we do this work quietly day by day and leave the results to Him. We ought to have enough faith in God to believe that He can and will in His own good time bring out our scholars into the light of His truth. The Sunday School teacher must be possessed of 'Godliness'; that is an earnest consistent life. 'Add to your Godliness brotherly kindness.' Brotherly kindness is always faithful. Add to brotherly kindness 'love.' Love in our patience and virtue and love in our self-control, 'love in all,' and if I love God first, then I love souls rightly. We appeal for efficient teachers because the Lord Jesus Christ loves them, the boys and girls, and we profess to love Him. 'Lovest thou Me?' then 'Feed my Lambs.'

## The Sabbath.

Those who have most worthily hallowed the Lord's day have most enriched all other days. —W. F. Warren, D.D.

Of all divine institutions, the most divine is that which secures a day of rest for men. I hold it to be the most valuable blessing ever conceded to humanity.—Lord Beaconsfield.

There is no hope of destroying the Christian religion so long as the Christian Sabbath is acknowledged and kept by men as a sacred day.—Voltaire.

A holiday Sabbath seems to be peculiarly conducive to intemperance.—Josiah Strong.

Sabbath is not a day to feast our bodies, but to feed our souls.—Empress Josephine.

The influence of the church service for good is largely or totally destroyed in tens of thousands of our American homes by the secular life and conversation and atmosphere found in them the remaining hours of the Sabbath day.

## The Secret of Success.

Staunch old Admiral Farragut—he of true heart and iron will—said to another officer of the navy,

'Dupont, do you know why you didn't get into Charlestown with your ironclads?'

'Oh, because the channel was so crooked!'

'No, it was not that.'

'Well, the rebel fire was perfectly horrible.'

'Yes, but it wasn't that.'

'What was it, then?'

'It was because you did not "believe" you could go in.'

That is just the trouble with our work in winning the children for Christ. We don't believe we can succeed; and, of course, we fail. —'Teacher's Assistant.'

Duties are ours, events are the Lord's.—Samuel Rutherford.

## Simply Turning Down a Glass

('S. S. Times.')

A clergyman was once invited to the birthday dinner of one of his parishioners. As he seated himself at the dinner table, and saw the beautiful old lady wearing her eighty years as a crown, surrounded by her children and her children's children, there seemed not a discordant note in the song of harmony. When the waiter began to pass the champagne, he thought shall I decline, but before his plate was reached he had decided to adhere to his usual custom, and quietly turned down his glass, too busily absorbed in conversation to observe that two others around the festal board did the same thing. A few hours later he found himself in the drawing-room in conversation alone with the widowed daughter of the household. She said to him: 'I am going to take the liberty of commending you for refusing the wine at dinner; you did not know that the sharp eyes of that young lad just opposite you were watching you most closely.'

He told her of his hesitation, and said: 'I thought, does not this seem churlish; I am invited here to honor a dear old lady, shall I not be considered very rude to refuse to drink her health, but I am so glad if my determination to abide by my general habit helped you; tell me about it.'

She said: 'In a few weeks my son starts to college. We have been discussing whether he shall be a temperance man or a total abstainer while there. He has about decided to be the latter, but if you had proved yourself the former I know that arguments of many months would have been swept away at one stroke. I cannot tell you how much I thank you.'

The minister says that when he went home that night he kneeled down and thanked God for helping him to cast his influence on the side of right, and to help a young boy to do the same.

## 'Strong Drink Debases Character.'

Character is one of our priceless possessions. The boy or the girl with good character has something that is worth keeping and worth taking care of. Money can't buy character. A man may be rich and powerful, but if he has lost character others will despise him, and no one can trust him. His wealth can do many things for him, but it can't redeem character. A good character is a kind of passport, it carries us anywhere. A man may be poor, but if he has a high character people will love him and respect him and trust him. If you want to do anything that will help you to lose this great treasure, take to strong drink and frequent the public-house; but if you value character, and would keep it, have nothing to do with strong drink.—'British Temperance Advocate.'

## 'A Temperate Use of Good Liquors.'

'A glass of beer can't hurt anybody.' Why, I know a person—yonder he is now—a specimen of manly beauty, a portly six footer; he has the bearing of a prince. He is one of our merchant princes. His face wears the hue of youth; and now, at the age of fifty-odd, he has the elastic step of our young men of 25, and none more full of wit and mirth than he; and I know he never dines without a brandy and water, and never goes to bed without a terrapin or oyster supper, with plenty of champagne; and more than that, he was never known to be drunk. So here is a living example and disproof of the temperance twaddle about the dangerous nature of an occasional glass, and the destructive effects of a temperate use of good liquors.'

Now it so happened that this specimen of safe brandy drinking was a relative of ours. He died a year or two after that with chronic diarrhoea, a common end of those who are never drunk, but never out of liquor. He left his widow a splendid mansion uptown, and a clear five thousand a year, besides a large fortune to each of his children, for he had ships on every sea, and credit at every counter, but which he never had occasion to use.

For months before he died—he was a year dying—he could eat nothing without distress; in the midst of his millions he died of inanition.

That is not the half, reader. He had been a steady drinker, a daily drinker, for twenty-eight years. He left a legacy to his children which he did not mention. Scrofula has been eating up one daughter for fifteen years; another is in the madhouse; the third and fourth were of unearthly beauty—there was a kind of grandeur in that beauty—but they were blighted and they paled and faded into heaven, we trust, in their sweet teens; another is tottering on the verge of her grave, and only to one of them is left all the senses.—Hall's 'Journal of Health.'

## Just Like the Saloon.

(Henry Mayer, in 'Pearson's Weekly.')

In catching wild monkeys a lump of sugar is placed in an uncorked glass bottle, and the latter is left underneath the tree in which the chattering simians are perched. Presently down comes the whole troupe to inspect.

One, greedier than the rest, thrusts his arm into the bottle, and grasps the coveted sugar. But with doubled fist he cannot withdraw his arm—the neck of the bottle is too narrow. He screams with rage and struggles, but (ridiculous as it may seem) has not the sense to unclasp his fist. To do so would necessitate dropping the sugar, and to that his greedy little soul cannot consent.

Encumbered with the bottle, he is easily captured with a net or stunned with a club. Curiously enough his fellows, though they have witnessed the whole affair, fail to profit by his example, and a round dozen or more will be trapped in the same way, by the same bottle, under the same tree.

## Sir John Gorst on the use of Alcohol.

In the course of his inaugural and presidential address to the members of a newly-formed Sociological Society of the University of Manchester, Sir John Gorst, M.P., said: 'Everybody would admit that the abuse of alcohol by the working classes was one of the greatest causes of all the misery we saw around us. But there was profound ignorance among the people generally upon this subject. In foreign countries the use and abuse of alcohol was a subject taught in all primary schools. He was not himself a rabid teetotaler, but there was no doubt that the use of alcohol was not a thing which prolonged life. The figures of the insurance companies proved this. He had been told by the authorities of an insurance company that between the years 1886 and 1889 the expectation of death among their total abstaining policy holders was represented by the figures 363, but the deaths which occurred in that period were 206. The money which the company expected to have to pay in this abstaining branch of its business was in the above period £88,000; the actual sum it did pay was £56,000. This was a real proof of the advantages of abstinence; but in recent years we had done nothing in this country to check drunkenness. The experience of other countries showed that by a proper administration of the law drunkenness could be greatly reduced. Norway and Sweden were at one time drunken countries, but laws had been passed which had turned them into the most sober countries of Europe.' We may add that apart from the private company system of selling spirits in these Scandinavian countries, prohibition by Local Option in the smaller towns and villages is almost universal. Hence the society referred to!

## Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

## Miss Deborah's Dream.

(Maggie Fearn, in the 'Alliance News.')

### CHAPTER I.

### A NIGHT OF UNREST.

'I woke, and found that life was duty.'

'Miss Deborah, I wish I knew of some arguments which could bring this matter before you in a different light; a new, and to my mind, a clearer one. It seems to me irrational for any living man or woman, placed in the midst of an innumerable company of fellow human beings, to definitely declare himself or herself irresponsible of personal influence. You are convinced of the truth of total abstinence in the aggregate, and yet when it is urged upon you as a personal duty you will not acknowledge its claims. You have influence with many of the young people in our church. You are leader of a large class of young women, and have personal acquaintance with numbers of the young men who are starting life. Miss Deborah, I would give much to see you bringing your powers of influence to weigh in the scale of temperance. Think the matter well over again, I earnestly request you, and see if by the light of a God-consecrated conscience you cannot alter your course of action. Who knows but that others may only be waiting to be guided by what you do?'

'I really think that this same subject must be your one fanaticism,' answered Miss Deborah, a little hastily. 'I can't see, and I don't suppose I ever shall see, that my signing or not signing a total abstinence pledge will make the hair's breadth of difference to any single soul in the universe. There was a vast deal of Christianity in the world before those seven men of Preston took upon them such a queer vow, and you can't deny it.'

'And do not wish to, Miss Deborah. But we want aggressive Christianity, and I hope we have a little more light even than our forefathers had upon some points; though I honor them for their godly lives, and the heroic deeds for Christ and the Church which they have handed down to us. Yet, look you, their line of conduct cannot be our criterion in all points. We must be ready to allow our personal environments to largely enter into our life decisions. Take your own sphere of work, for instance. There is Lottie Carlton, a member of your class, whose father keeps the "Golden Eagle" She is seventeen, and an impressionable girl, with a beautiful face. Have you not thought that this same drink question may be a gigantic temptation to her? Then there is Priscilla May; her father is a slave to the drink, and heaven alone knows how the poor wife keeps life in the bodies of all those hungry children. And Ellen White, whose mother is in the asylum, all through the curse of the same tempter; and Kate Morgan, whose brother shot himself in a drunken revel——'

'Stop, stop, Mr. Armstrong. Your list of horrors is appalling!' cried Miss Deborah, partly in real, partly in assumed, dismay. 'You are like an inspector who would pick out all the infected subjects, and leave the healthy ones unmolested. Of course I know of these social plague spots; and what church or Bible class does not have to hide them? Don't seek out these isolated cases, and lift them up as notorious examples. Rather put a kindly veil of Christian sympathy over such, and look on the hopeful cases beside them.'

'Nay, Miss Deborah. We cannot hope to heal a moral fester by covering it up. It will spread, and breed contagion; and some day we shall arouse to a more alarming condition of morality than confronts us to-day, unless we purge our homes, and churches, and social life from this taint of evil. As for looking at the more hopeful cases as you suggest, I am honestly thankful to be able to do so. But are we not taught to leave the "ninety-and-nine" and seek for the one that is lost? Miss Deborah, my Bible teaches me that he that "converteth a sinner from the error of his way, and shall save a soul"—one soul—"from death, shall hide a multitude of sins." One soul is made much of in the teaching of the old Book, Miss Detorah.'

Miss Deborah felt a trifle uneasy.

(To be continued.)

# Correspondence

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have read so many letters from the boys and girls I thought I would write one, too. Well, I am sure the 'Messenger' is a nice paper indeed, and it is quite a friend of mine. We take it at our Sunday School, and have as long as I can remember, and it would not seem like Sunday School without it. Well, I cannot tell about school now, as most pupils do, as I am home to work, but when I did go I had nice teachers, which were Miss C., who was the first teacher I went to, and then Miss M., who was much missed, not only in the school, but in the church. Mrs. C. is the teacher at present, but I only went a little while after she came.

Well, I have not read many books, but these are what I have: 'Black Beauty,' 'Only Ten Cents,' 'Adventures of Mabel,' 'About Peggy Saville,' and several others, but I like music much better than reading, and a good deal of my time is put to it.

I wonder if any of the readers ever was in a Reading Circle, for I know you would like it. For the last three years the young folks of H. have had one, and last winter I joined it too. Well, in the first place all those who are going to join meet at some place, and hand in the money, which is fifty cents each. They take this money and send for as many sets of books as possible. Last winter we had over twenty members, and we had to draw numbers to know when to have them at our different homes. When they arrive at the place they sing a hymn, and then started at the books, which were: 'Electricity and Magnetism,' 'Our Church,' and 'Korean Sketches,' which were all interesting. We studied them from 7 p.m. till after eight o'clock, and then the secretary took the roll, in which every one answers with a quotation, after which we proceeded to a dining-room and had refreshments. After that is over we had games, and all sorts of amusements which we all looked forward to, and then went home. We continued this every week till spring, and then we closed for the summer, and every member had their book. I wonder how many like that plan of spending their winter nights, which will soon be here again.

VERA M. SLEMON.

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C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—As one of the writers to the 'Messenger' asked for a description of a book by the name of 'Queechy,' I have decided to write a short description.

It is about a girl by the name of Elfleda, who lived with her grandfather, in the village of Queechy. Her grandfather died, and she went to the capital of France.

Her uncle's fortune failed, and so he went to Queechy to live at Elfleda's old home. Elfleda kept them from starvation for many a year, but her half-brother dying, her uncle, aunt, sister and nephew went to Jamaica, and Fleda married an old friend of hers, a Mr. Carleton.

E. G. T.

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E., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have taken the 'Messenger' for four years, and I have never written a letter yet, and I think it my duty to do so. Electra D. King wants to know Moses's parents names. Their names are Amram and Jochebed. I go to school every day. I am 13 years old. I take music lessons. I enclose 10c. for the Labrador Cot Fund.

EVA CHISHOLM.

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M.G., Man.

Dear Editor,—Mother taught us at home till I was nine years old, and then she sent us to school. We started in the fifth of April, and Connie was in the third class and I was in the fourth, but I have gone up a class lately. I have a cow and a calf. The cow's name is Jessie, and the calf's is Billie, but I cannot milk. I am very fond of reading, and have read a number of books. I will mention a few of them. 'The Lamplighter,' 'The Wide, Wide World,' 'Seven Little Sisters,' 'Each and All,' 'Under the Lilacs,' 'Danesbury House,' and several books from the Bible.

MURIEL BARBER.

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Y., Muskoka.

Dear Editor,—We stayed at home four days and picked potatoes for papa. We had a lot of potatoes this year. I have just finished reading 'Christie's Christmas,' and I think it is a nice book. I saw Electra D. King's letter in the 'Messenger,' asking who Moses's parents were. They were Amram and Jochebed. Can any one tell me what Jacob saw in his dream as he slept on the road to Haran?

ELSIE CAMPBELL.

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U.S., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm near the 'Tantramar marshes.' When there is a high tide the water comes up to the foot of our garden. I have two brothers and three sisters. I have read a great many books, among which are: 'Little Men,' 'Little Women,' 'Black Beauty,' 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 'The Bessie Books,' 'The Man of the House,' and a few of the 'Elsie Books.' I go to school.

DORA A. WHEATON.

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S. B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have a little pony named Tricksy. She will shake hands and kiss you, and I can ride her all over, but she is not broken in to drive, for she is only a year and a few months old.

GRACE COLLIER.

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K., Man.

Dear Editor,—I came from Exeter, Ontario, about a year and eight months ago, and had a very pleasant trip coming to Manitoba. I like Manitoba very much, although we have much colder weather here than we had in Ontario. We have no church, but the school house, which is a half-mile from here is used for service and Sunday school. We are having holidays now, until the 13th of November. There are quite a number of Galacians around here. They bring a lot of raspberries to our store in the summer time, and in the winter they bring wood from the bush to the north of us.

CLARA CAIRNS (age 11.)

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Carnation.' Ruby Hazel Borland, S.B.,
2. 'Seven Stars.' Jane G. Potter, M., Sask.
3. 'Two Fowls.' Lyla Burns (10), P., Ont.
4. 'Catch it' Rover,' Mabel Seale (13), R., Que.
5. 'A Fish.' Gertrude P. (10), D., Ont.

## Brotherhood.

(Horace P. Biddle.)

A noble boyhood, free and frank,
A noble manhood makes;
'Tis not the name, nor blood, nor rank,
That either saves or wrecks.
For all mankind are of one blood
Born to a common right;
All have one common Father, God,
Who rules us in His might.


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A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each.

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# HOUSEHOLD.

## Womanhood.

For at the heart of womanhood
The child's great heart doth lie;
At childhood's heart, the germ of good,
Lies God's simplicity.
So, sister, be thy womanhood
A baptism on thy brow,
For something dimly understood,
And which thou art not now,
But which within thee, all the time
Maketh thee what thou art;
Maketh thee long and strive and climb—
The God-life at thy heart.
—George MacDonald.

## The Way to Rest.

Few women know how to rest as they should. They think that they must undress and go to bed to be thoroughly comfortable. This is a mistake, provided there is a tabouret or little footstool in the room, on which the feet may rest while the other part of the body is supported by a chair. You can read and rest comfortably in this fashion; and let it be whispered here between ourselves, that if we want to gain the maximum of rest in a minimum of time, we should copy that inelegant but healthful trick of the masculine drones, and put our feet occasionally higher than our heads. Fashionable women, to whom the necessity of never showing fatigue and of ever looking their best has taught this knack, fall into this posture whenever they are in the seclusion of their own apartment.

## One Mother's Way.

(Lelen M. Teachout, in Michigan 'Advocate.')

'I wonder if you ever did encounter anything like worry,' said a busy mother to an older friend. 'One would think so with your large family and many cares, and yet your wrinkles are all "laughing wrinkles," and your face always reminds me of the proverb, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." It has often served me better than a tonic.'

'Thank you, my dear. That is quite an acceptable compliment,' returned the elder woman, merrily. 'But what do you mean by worries?'

'Oh, the little every day besetments. You see the traces they leave on so many women's faces. I suppose no one escapes, but I sometimes think we mothers have more than our share. First, in my own case, our income is not large and there is the continual puzzle to make ends meet. The ends have to be woefully stretched and pieced sometimes to meet at all. Our children are young and need constant attention. I can never see even a short respite from care. So many plans we make come to naught and I have not learned to bear disappointment well. In short, I often feel as one dear old patriarch once mildly expressed it, "I sometimes wish we did not have quite so many opportunities to exercise patience." Now, in your case, if you ever do meet with such difficulties, I believe you contrive to look straight through them or over their heads.'

'Well, and isn't that what Christ means by the single eye? You are right in your estimate, my dear. I have learned, mind you, I have learned, when I meet with what you call worries, simply not to recognize them as such. I really have no worries because the Master has shown me the relative importance of such things. We should take them as they are meant, and God never meant us to fret.'

'I wish I might learn to look at things from your point of view. But tell me, did you never feel the responsibility of training your children to be a burden?'

'No, because I learned early to leave that responsibility where I felt that it belonged. I sometimes think the tendency now is to give children an overtraining, both in the school and home. We try to shape them after models of our construction instead of being content to leave them in the Creator's hands. A tree pruned to exact symmetry, as one sees it in the city park, is no doubt a pretty sight; but I love better to see some grand old forest giant that the hand of man has never touched. Children are like trees; give them sunlight and fresh air, which are the types of a loving Christian home, and then not fret when they show little irregularities in growth. Of course, any conscientious mother will almost instinctively foster the good and discourage evil tendencies in children, but I never felt authorized to attempt any elaborate pruning in the natures of my children.'

'How do you induce them to find their amusements at home?'

'I always tried to provide the attraction until they formed the habit of staying at home. Our home wasn't a particularly quiet or orderly one,' and she smiled reminiscently. 'I remember how shocked one lady was when she came in one day to find a chalk ring on the carpet and a glorious game of marbles in progress. Another friend was greatly amused when she found me taking my "quiet hour" lying on the bed with three or four uproariously ungsters clambering all over me. My hands and heart were full in those days, but I believe they were the happiest of my life. One memory is especially dear to me. When the three little boys grew old enough to understand stories, I used often to sit in the rocking-chair with one in my lap and one perched upon each arm of the chair, while I rocked and read to them. The boys are young men, but they often speak of it yet. But to return to the subject of worries. I am willing to make allowance for difference in temperament, but I really believe that it is possible for every woman to meet whatever comes cheerfully and even happily, if she can learn to look at the problems of life with the "single eye."'

'It is certainly worth trying for, and I shall think over what you have told me,' said the younger mother earnestly.

'And remember you have access to the same Teacher who made it clear to me,' counselled the other, as the conversation was concluded.

## Selected Recipes.

Peach Pie.—Have a deep earthen baking-dish. Line the sides with rich paste rolled quite thin. Fill the dish with peaches pared but not pitted. Sprinkle thickly with sugar, add one tablespoonful of butter cut in bits and sprinkle over one tablespoonful of flour. Have the peaches well heaped up. Cover with the paste, cutting one or more slits in the centre. Brush with milk and bake for an hour in a moderate oven. Some like to add a pinch of powdered cinnamon, but if the peaches are full flavored no condiments are needed.

Scalloped Tomatoes.—In scalloping tomatoes many cooks fail because of too free use of breadcrumbs. A cooking school recipe for this dish emphasizes that only a top layer of the crumbs should be used. Put one level tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of chopped raw onions in a baking-dish with a tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of salt, and a dash of cayenne pepper. Pour over these two pints of canned or raw tomatoes. Cover with a layer of breadcrumbs, and bake long enough to cook the onion. The breadcrumbs should be dry and not too fine; this, however, must not be construed to mean that chunks of crumb are to be used.

Baked Apples.—Take as many fair apples, as nearly of uniform size as possible, as will fill an earthen baking dish without crowding too closely. Core and prick the skins so as to bake readily. Fill the centres with sugar and if very sour sprinkle some into the dish, then add enough boiling water to generate steam enough to cook, and at the same time form a jelly about the apples. Cover the dish and cook slowly until done, then remove to cool place. When convenient chill in ice chest before serving with either plain or whipped cream. Sweet as well as sour apples are good served in this way.

An acceptable salad for the autumn or winter months and one that is ornamental as well is made as follows: Select ripe red apples of uniform size and polish. Cut a slice off the top of each. Remove with a cheese scoop or sharp spoon all the pulp, care being taken to leave the apple skin unbroken, as they are to be little cases to hold the salad.

Chop together the apple pulp and an equal quantity of the meat of either hickory nuts, walnuts or chestnuts. Mix with mayonnaise dressing. Fill the apple skins with the mixture. If the late garden yields, while there is not yet frost, a few nasturtiums, a single flower with a few leaves stuck in the top of each makes a pretty garnish. The pungent flavor of the nasturtium leaves is a pleasing addition to the salad as well.—'N. E. Homestead.'


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